

waiting; and oftentimes results far beyond the most ardent expectation!

A glance at some of the fields of aggressive missionary work, may well fill us with encouragement and hope; while it shows us how much there is to do, for us who have the honour of being co-workers with Him whose whole life was one continual offering and sacrifice for the salvation of mankind.

Look at India, that rich possession of the British Crown; half the size of our Dominion, yet having 250,000,000 of inhabitants to our 6,000,000.

At the beginning of this century the brave Wilberforce had to fight a hard battle in the House of Commons, in order to have rescinded the restrictions that prevented missionaries teaching in India!

Now the two great missionary Societies of our beloved Church report 25,000 communicants.

And yet, what are they among so many? One in 10,000!

Read in this connection the life of Schwartz, the Danish Lutheran Missionary, under the S.P.G.

Almost a miracle was his being able to preach in Tamil four months after he reached the country. This indomitable energy and pluck was followed by a life of faith, love and incessant work of forty-eight years, during which time he is said to have been instrumental in the conversion of 10,000 natives from idolatry.

Not less wonderful was the work of Carey, who, in forty-one years translated and printed the whole Bible in twenty-four dialects. Or the life of the Saintly Bishop Heber, which was truly described as "One track of light, the admiration of Britain and India."

And what of "The Missionaries' Grave," as Africa used to be called?

Opened up in late years in a Providential way, showing healthy tracts of country as well as the dreaded pestilential marshes that proved so fatal, Livingstone, Speke, Grant, Baker, and Stanley have brought to light "nations and peoples," who are waiting for the Gospel.

Wicked, cruel, and barbarous because they know no better, they, too, can be transformed by the Power of Christ: The converts of Uganda show us how intense suffering can be patiently borne and triumphed over by men of this despised race, in the power of the Saviour of whom they have so lately heard. In our mind's eye we see them, as they stand firm and erect, not for a moment dreaming of denying the Faith, offering one petition to the cruel king, "Cut not our arms off we will give no resistance." Even this request refused, they stand in the fire with their mutilated bodies; and, as long as strength remains, sing hymns of praise to God!

Such was the outcome of the work of the

martyred Bishop Hannington, and of the steadfast Mackay.

How do such deeds of triumphant faith bring us to our knees in deep humiliation when we contrast them with our own works and labours of love, little called for, and often less given?

In passing from Africa we look at Madagascar, and call to mind the truly wonderful work in that island of which its king said "I have two generals that will keep all Europeans out, General Forest and General Fever."

His words proved only too true with our first missionaries.

In 1818 David Jones and Samuel Bevan were sent out and took their wives and children.

Within a year from their embarkation Mr. and Mrs. Bevan and child, and Mrs. Jones and child had fallen victims to the fever of the country.

But the one brave man who was left (after recruiting his health in the Mauritius) returned, and being joined by ten others opened a school in the palace yard, in which the officers of the army and their wives were daily instructed. Now mark the result under God's blessing.

In less than ten years 15,000 native youths were able to read the Bible in their own language.

But on the death of the king the bloody Kanavalona seized the throne; the missionaries were banished from the island, the profession of Christianity forbidden, and every book confiscated. The great persecutor was a woman.

The first martyr was a woman, "Kasilama," a convert, who was dragged to execution because she persisted in the worship of God. She calmly knelt in prayer, while the executioners thrust their spears into her body.

A bystander said "If I might be so tranquil and happy, I would die for the Saviour, too." "Paul, the aged," a native preacher was soon found with eleven others; they were slung on poles, rags stuffed in their mouths to prevent them telling the people of Jesus, and thus borne to execution.

Some were burned, some hunted to death, some stoned, some were thrown into pits where boiling water was poured on them, while one party were carried to a cliff 300 feet high, and all hurled down the precipice, save one young woman, "Kanivo" by name. She was kept in hopes that she would recant. "No," she exclaimed, "I am Christ's, throw me over."

The heathen mob quailed before her bravery; they saved her life, which was afterwards lived to the glory of Him, for whom she was ready to die.

After a reign of horror of more than thirty years the wicked Kanavalona died, and when Mr. Ellis was sent by the English to negotiate with the new king, he was met by Christians. Every where the people were organizing them-